

SAMARA

1948



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"
—Browning

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JUNE, 1948



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ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS



THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

EDITORIAL

TO DAY in the spring of nineteen hundred and forty-eight the world is slowly changing, in a period of uncertainty, from war to peace. Whether the road is being paved to freedom and democracy or to tyranny and oppression — that has yet to be decided.

During the war, the Royal Family has been a striking example of steadfastness, and has shown the real meaning of a normal and stable home-life. The people of England especially, have always looked toward His Majesty, the King, and his family as upholding the best traditions, and as their great hope for better days to come. Now, not only the people of England but of the whole Commonwealth are looking toward them for the calm and ordered life, for which they pray. Princess Elizabeth shares the high ideals of her royal parents, and has expressed them most fittingly in her broadcast message on the occasion of her twenty-first birthday, when she said:

"I declare before you that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service and the service of our great Imperial family to which we all belong, but I shall not have strength to carry out this resolution alone unless you join in it with me, as I now invite you to do. I know that your support will be unfailingly given.

God help me to make good my vow, and God bless all of you who are willing to share in it."

At this time it seems so fitting that the future Queen of England, of Canada and of the entire British Commonwealth of Nations should marry the man of her own choosing. As it was during the past year that this great event took place, this issue of "Samara" will commemorate the wedding of Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth to His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh.

This marriage is of special significance to us as Canadians. We hold a privileged place in this Commonwealth, which is held in such close connection by the invisible ties of friendship, understanding and loyalty. This unbreakable link should influence the great powers of today to make a peaceful and constructive start toward world unity.

In the past year, Elmwood has felt the benefits of the improved changing conditions after the war. Once again we are very happy to be able to present a truly senior play under the very able direction of Mrs. Patterson Murphy. Also a joint play in connection with Ashbury College has again been arranged. We were all very sorry to say good-bye to Miss May, who has been our very gifted and understanding art mistress for a great many years. Last September we were happy and fortunate to welcome as our art instructor, the well-known painter Mr. Henri Masson.

The Thomas Ahearn Memorial Wing has proved to be, indeed, a very great asset to the school from the nursery school to the science laboratory, and to the additional class-room. We would like to take this opportunity to express again our sincere appreciation to the donors of this gift to Elmwood.

This year we held our annual bazaar in aid of the "*Save The Children Fund*". It was a satisfaction to us all to be able to send a cheque for the proceeds of over a thousand dollars to Headquarters. We were also able to send a contribution to the "*Canadian Appeal for Children*", as well as to other worthy causes.

We feel that we have had a very successful school year; it has been, we hope, a happy one for all. On account of the extremely heavy time table it has been impossible to have regular student council meetings every week as we would have liked. However, the meetings between the officers and form captains that have been arranged have aroused much interest and more co-operation throughout the school and have stimulated school spirit.

Thanks are gratefully extended to the Magazine Committee and especially to Miss Chappell and Miss Aldous who have given up much of their time in helping to prepare material for "*Samara*". Also we would like to express our appreciation to Mr. Rowley S. Hooper of the Photo Gelatine Engraving Company of Toronto for again undertaking the printing of the pictures.

Whether we have been at Elmwood for a short or a long time we have all come to realize the high ideals that it stands for. Whatever our aim in life, there could be no greater motto to inspire us to reach our goal than "*Summa Summarum*"—Highest of the High.

In taking our place in this uncertain world of today, as Canadians, we should put the question before us— are we striving for freedom and democracy, or are we headed for tyranny and oppression? This can be answered only by our own individual efforts. The success of democracy depends on us.



Mrs. Buck's Message

After seeing so many good and pleasing contributions which have been sent in for *Samara*, I am wondering if there is really going to be room for this message from me, for which you have very kindly asked.

It is gratifying to know that this year *Samara* returns to its old form in print and style. None of us were very happy, I think, about last year's necessary experiment.

As I write these words the end of the school year is in sight and my thoughts go back—"ends" always make one think of "beginnings"—over all the weeks and months we have worked and played together since September. I hope that it has been a happy year for all of you. I would like to say a special thank you for the many ways in which you have made it a happy one for me.

I thank you for the cheery morning greetings when you smile at me with your eyes. I thank you for work well done; for all the services you have cheerfully rendered; for the help given by the "elder to the younger"; for good sportsmanship, not only on the games field, but also when a much hoped for privilege had to be denied, because it was outside the regulations; for the times when criticism has been hard to take but you have taken it, and turned failure into success.

The worth of a school is measured not by its numbers but by the spirit which animates each and every one of us who have the privilege of being part of it.

My love and affectionate greetings to you all!

S. B. Buck.



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ELMWOOD
Rockcliffe Park — Ottawa

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Nightingale House Notes

WE ARE very happy to announce that last year Nightingale won the House Shield as well as the Sports Shield, although it was a very close race between all three houses. This year we started off well with our twenty-three members by winning the senior basketball, and by coming second in the senior badminton inter-house matches. As it was impossible to produce house plays this year, we were all able to concentrate on the collections which were very generous and in which Nightingale came a close second. With "Angus" as head girl, "Dee" as head boarder, and "Libby" as school sports captain, we feel that our house is extremely well represented in all walks of school life.

At the end of last year we were very sorry to lose Miss Johnston, Mrs. Johnstone, Mrs. Hancock, Miss Carr, and Miss May, but we are glad to welcome to our house the following staff members: Mrs. Chamberlin, Miss Hudson, Miss Aldous and Mr. Masson.

House Members

Head of House—Wendy Hughson

Prefects—Angela Christensen, Deirdre Collens

House Senior and Sports Captain—

Elizabeth Paterson

Monitors—Halcyon Barcant, Pamela Fulford, Judy Nesbitt, Mary Code.

Sheila Hughes, Norah Cameron, Christian Nothnagel, Jacqueline Nothnagel, Joan Matthews, Sally McCarter, Ruth Kilgour, Valerie Wood, Jill Hodgkin, Elaine Boyle, Jane Hamilton, Sarah Grant, Leslie Anne Jackson, Mairi Matheson, Mary Jane Miles.

Staff: Mrs. Chamberlin, Miss Hudson, Miss Aldous, Miss Beckwith, Mr. Masson.

Nightingale House Teams

Senior Basketball

Elizabeth Paterson	Wendy Hughson
Angela Christensen	Sheila Hughes
Deirdre Collens	Judy Nesbitt

Senior Badminton

Wendy Hughson	Angela Christensen
Jacqueline Nothnagel	Elizabeth Paterson

Junior Basketball

Ruth Kilgour	Sarah Grant
Valerie Wood	Elaine Boyle
Jill Hodgkin	Mary Jane Miles

Junior Badminton

Jill Hodgkin	Ruth Kilgour
Valerie Wood	Mary Jane Miles



NIGHTINGALE SENIOR BASKETBALL

D. Collens	W. Hughson	S. Hughes
A. Christensen	E. Paterson	J. Nesbitt



NIGHTINGALE JUNIOR BASKETBALL

J. Hodgkin	S. Grant	E. Boyle
M. J. Miles	R. Kilgour	V. Wood



NIGHTINGALE SENIOR BADMINTON

J. Nothnagel	W. Hughson
A. Christensen	E. Paterson



NIGHTINGALE JUNIOR BADMINTON

M. J. Miles	R. Kilgour
J. Hodgkin	V. Wood



KELLER SENIOR BASKETBALL

S. Smith P. Edwards L. Crozier
A. MacDonald M. Leonard B. Alexandor



KELLER JUNIOR BASKETBALL

H. Miles S. Setton W. Quain
D. Boyd M. Hothersall S. DeWolf



KELLER SENIOR BADMINTON

S. Smith B. Alexandor
P. Edwards M. Leonard



KELLER JUNIOR BADMINTON

W. Quain M. Hothersall
P. Mayburry H. Miles

Keller House Notes

IN SEPTEMBER Keller was very pleased to welcome Miss Castas and six girls as new members of the house. We started the year with twenty-three girls. We were sorry to lose Marie de Hauteclocque, one of our noted artists, when she returned to France at Christmas. This year Keller won the house collections for the first time in four years. Unfortunately the senior basketball team was severely beaten but our juniors came out on top. We would like to commend our new members for the fine way they have pulled their weight and lived up to our motto, "Fair Play".

House Members

Head of House—Peggy Edwards

Monitors—Audrey MacDonald, Joan Marble

Rose Alexander, Betsy Alexandor, Diane Boyd, Lucinda Crozier, Suzette De Wolf, Barbara Gibson, Andrea Hadley, Jill Harris, Mavis Hothersall, Pat Knowlton, Margot Leonard, Mary Frances Matthewman, Phyllis

Mayburry, Helen Miles, Wendy Quain, Sofia Setton, Shirley Smith, Joan Toller, Elizabeth Wilson.

Staff: Mademoiselle Juge, Miss Adams, Miss Castas, Miss MacLean, and Mr. McTavish.

Keller House Teams

Senior Basketball

Audrey MacDonald	Betsy Alexandor
Peggy Edwards	Lucinda Crozier
Margot Leonard	Rose Alexander

Senior Badminton

Margot Leonard	Shirley Smith
Peggy Edwards	Betsy Alexandor

Junior Basketball

Sofia Setton	Pat Knowlton
Helen Miles	Mavis Hothersall
Elizabeth Wilson	Diane Boyd

Junior Badminton

Phyllis Mayburry	Mavis Hothersall
Helen Miles	Wendy Quain

March Winds

Squall, gale, gust and breeze,
March winds, if you please.
Sweeping the snow, they come and go,
Roaring winds, whining low,
Zephyr, cyclone and typhoon.
Boys with kites come every noon,
To play in every field and lane;
To spoil their fun, the hurricane,
Twisting, twirling, a whirlwind high,
Like a corkscrew in the sky,
Takes the kites up out of sight,
Up and off into the night.

SHIRLEY SMITH, V A
Keller

Fry House Notes

IN SEPTEMBER, 1947, Fry welcomed many new girls and one member of the staff, Miss Richardson. Though we were sorry to lose Barbara Campbell and Luella Wills at Christmas, we were glad to welcome Dorothy Gates at Christmas and Alannah Busk at Easter.

This is the first year there have been no house plays; unfortunately Fry came third in the house collections but we hope to keep up our tradition of doing well in competitions in the future.

So far, all houses are even on basketball and badminton points and we are grateful to Fry junior basketball and Fry senior badminton teams for making this possible.

House Members

Head of House—Carol Maclare

House Senior—Ann Edwards

Monitor—Martha Bate

Susan Ball, Persis Brunet, Mary Burns, Alannah Busk, Helen Claxton, Dorothy Gates, Jane Graham, Judy Hargreaves, Sandra James,

Shirley Mann, Marion Mackenzie, Judy McLaren, Judy McCulloch, Joan Mothersill, Andria Richardson, Heather Rogers, Pamela Rogers, Virginia Rutherford, Eva Sichrova.

Staff: Miss Chappell, Miss Richardson, Miss Wiltshire, Miss Dixon, and Mrs. Stephen.

Fry House Teams

Senior Basketball

Judy McCulloch	Shirley Mann
Barbara Campbell	Luella Wills
Carol Maclare	Ann Edwards

Senior Badminton

Judy McCulloch	Ann Edwards
Pamela Rogers	Carol Maclare

Junior Basketball

Joan Mothersill	Pamela Rogers
Virginia Rutherford	Millicent Struthers
Susan Ball	Sandra James

Junior Badminton

Marion MacKenzie	Judy Maclare
Millicent Struthers	Sandra James

Spring

Green young rain on young green corn,
Sweet young lambs, but lately born,
(In a land by war, but lately torn).

Moist brown earth and tender shoots,
No longer ground 'neath hob-nailed boots,
(That could not destroy the sturdy roots).

Oh blue, blue skies, oh clouds of white;
One cannot believe you've been torn with
fright,
(And rained down death by day and night).

Winter is going, baring the soil,
Giving Europe's children a chance to toil,
(To deaden memories, no better foil).

Without bullets screaming overhead,
To fill their minds and hearts with dread,
(And leave their bodies cold and dead).

It is nature's victory o'er man, the king,
Over war and horror and everything.
And hollow-eyed children, clustering,
Come forth to greet another Spring.

JANE GRAHAM, VI M
Fry



FRY JUNIOR BASKETBALL

V. Rutherford	J. Mothersill	S. Ball
M. Struthers	P. Rogers	S. James



FRY SENIOR BASKETBALL

P. Brunet	S. Mann	A. Edwards
M. Bate	J. McCulloch	C. Maclarens



FRY SENIOR BADMINTON

C. Maclarens	A. Edwards
J. McCulloch	P. Rogers



FRY JUNIOR BADMINTON

J. Maclarens	S. James
M. Mackenzie	M. Struthers



CANDID SHOTS



DRAMATICS

CURTAIN going up! There stood the ark and there stood Mr. Noah. Before the senior girls' presentation, under the direction of Julia Murphy had been under way more than a few minutes, the audience was transported into the world that was before the Great Flood. The play, written by André Obey and translated from the French, deals with the trials and tribulations of old Noah, his trouble with his neighbours, difficulties met and overcome on the ark with his restless children and the animals and of his final abandonment on Ararat. There, bereft of home, friends and children with only his wife, for company,—his wife who is dazed and wandering in mind from the strain of forty days and nights shut up in the ark,—we witness Noah's ultimate victory over discouragement and his satisfaction in the promise of the rainbow.

We are indebted to the Ottawa Citizen for the following account of the play:

"School plays are—alas—so often a boring, incompetent affair, and this not so much on account of amateurish acting and directing but thanks to the choice of cheap, "easy", humdrum plays.

A surprising exception was last night's production of the Senior Dramatic Art Class of Elmwood School. The young girls presented

André Obey's excellent play "Noah" (in the skilful English version by Arthur Wilmott). The plot is a delightful modern variation of the Biblical theme. Mr. and Mrs. Noah (called "Mama" in the program) and their boys and girls speak the fresh, breezy, everyday language of a modern family.

One should think the terrible flood takes place somewhere around Billings Bridge or Rockcliffe (to come closer to the school's district) and not in the vicinity of Biblical Mount Ararat. But in spite, or perhaps because of the present-day conversational style of the "Noahs," the poetic charm and solemn atmosphere of the Biblical story is maintained throughout the play.

True Artistic Value

The Elmwood drama group, it is stressed, chose this play of true artistic value to develop the imagination and creative ideas in the minds of its young players. Besides, the part of Noah was played by two actresses in the various acts "to give more girls a part large enough to show the progress made in voice and expression during the year."

The production was—in spite of technical limitations—one of the most delightful dramatic experiments seen in Ottawa during the last years. Its success is, of course, due in part

to the imaginative gift of the producer, Julia Murphy, who, well-known for her versatile talent, also designed the settings and costumes, and directed the dances.

When the curtain rose, applause greeted the picturesque stage setting: Noah's solid, wooden ark, the colorful landscape curtains and the good light effects. There was in spite of stylized simplification somehow the picture-book charm of an old Breughel (or shall we say, a delicate, modern David Milne) about the scene. . . .

And what of the acting? Emphasis was put on teamwork and ensemble spirit in the first place. The pace and movement was—except for a few nervous moments—dramatically effective, and the grouping often of particular beauty.

“Mama” (Halcyon Barcant) was remarkable for her womanly appearance, soft gestures and clear enunciation. Ann Edwards was a very lively, boy-like Shem; Audrey McDonald characterized the obstinate wicked Ham realistically, and Dorothy Gates was a typically “young” Japhet.

The most difficult role was naturally Noah's, acted by Martha Bate and Deirdre Collens. But also the rest of the cast, not to forget the good animals with more or less frightful masks, contributed to the success of this delightful experiment.

The music composed by Louis Horst was played by Frances Richardson, ATCM. Auxi-

liary sound effects were provided by Myron McTavish, Mus.B.”

C.W.

The intermediate girls' play, “The Affected Young Ladies”, by Molière, and scenes from Shakespeare's “Taming of the Shrew”, also under the capable direction of Julia Murphy, were privately presented for Mrs. Buck on April 20th.

Once again, Mr Belcher of Ashbury College directed the Ashbury-Elmwood play. This year the joint presentation is G. B. Shaw's light comedy, “You Never Can Tell”. A young dentist makes the acquaintance of a charming but eccentric and fatherless family, who invite him for lunch. Somehow his irascible old landlord is included in the invitation and the surprise ending is Shaw at his witty and amusing best. The boys and girls worked hard and well and the play was equal to the usual Ashbury-Elmwood standards, a credit to both schools, and well deserving of praise.

At the Christmas bazaar, a capacity audience was delighted by the antics of Mrs. Taylor's imps and golliwogs. They performed charmingly to music, composed by the talented young Ottawa pianist, Peter Smith, now studying in New York. An originally presented version of the Christmas story served to delight the audience further and to enhance the Christmas spirit so prevalent at all Elmwood bazaars.

Bouquets to Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Taylor, who deserve our thanks for their untiring and inspiring efforts, and our congratulations for the splendid results they have achieved.

★ ★ ★

Happiness Restored

When head of house does see our shoes,
She says “Miss Blank, those shoes are whose?”
Miss Blank says, “Oxfords I did lose”.
This, head of house does not amuse.

Miss Blank returns with happy mind,
For oxfords she did finally find.
The head of house, her eyes just shined,
“Of shoes you've found another kind!”

WENDY QUAIN, V C
Keller

“Go change your shoes” to Blank I said;
So Blank retreats with steps like lead.
“Now lift your feet, hold high your head,
Please lift your feet”, again is said.



MUSIC NOTES

WELL, here we are, school year vintage 1947-48, with the musical world of Elmwood so completely behind our backs, that we are simply amazed!

The Elmwood piano-players are not what they used to be. Coached by Mr. McTavish, they have been treating the piano very respectfully, in a new series of exercises designed to make everyone relax, which are called "Weight-Playing". One lets the arm and wrist relax completely, and lets the fingers do all the work. Unfortunately, dire results have been noticed in the recent Posture Week. It seems everyone became so relaxed, that it was difficult to find anyone who "stood up" for her House.

Elmwood's voices too have changed—almost overnight; once they were high, far-distant squeaks—but *now*, they are a full thundering chorus—at least, we think so!

It all started at the beginning of the school year, when Miss Richardson, a very charming and musical-minded teacher, joined our staff. Now, Miss Richardson sings no mean soprano herself; and when she heard our (no doubt) cherubic voices while 'dusting off' accompaniments to our singing classes, she had a little idea. She pulled Mr. McTavish into a huddle.

The outcome was, that Mrs. Buck was presented with the suggestion—why not revive the choir? Mrs. Buck thought it would be a good idea; so the very next day those of us who were brave enough, and who could carry a tune, were herded into select little groups of first sopranos, seconds and contraltos.

At first the results were pretty dim. We were situated well in exile from the rest of the school, in the wilderness of the nursery school; and on first attempts our voices sounded pretty hollow, as if we had been wandering in there without food for a long time! After a while, however, we began to improve. We could even sing in tune sometimes, in case the piano didn't. (It's a dear old upright, but it *does* play several notes off key!)

At last the big day came when we were to sing for morning prayers. We sang responses lustily, to everyone's satisfaction. We even sang Christmas carols. After our debut we were rather puffed up. To put it very mildly, we considered ourselves full-fledged and entirely terrific. Imagine—only fifteen of us leading the whole school! The only queer thing about the affair was that the whole time we were singing, we kept on hearing a small assortment of voices, not our own. They were all kinds—soprano, contralto and second. We finally traced them all to Miss Richardson who, bless her, had been doing her loyal best all the way through to keep us in tune. We are not sure if she can sing in double harmony, but she comes very close to it.

Now, in closing our report for this year, we find ourselves musically complete. We ask you, the musical outsiders—lookers-in upon our school—would *you* want anything more than a full-sized music studio, seven pianos at your disposal, and an angel-voiced choir and teacher? We ask you what more does a school need?

Old Girls' Notes

Births

Hope (Gilmour) Buchan—a son.
 Nadine (Christie) Cranfield—a daughter.
 "B. B." (Fraser) Deziel—a son.
 Jill (German) Frewer—a son.
 Betty (Fauquier) Gill—a daughter.
 Nancy (Bowman) Heath—a son.
 Mackie (Edwards) Hertz—a daughter.
 Nancy (Doane) Heggtveit—a son.
 Glenn (Borbridge) Jurozynski—a son.
 Genevieve (Bronson) Laidlaw—a son.
 Nini (Keefer) MacDougall—a son.
 Helen (Collins) Matthews—a son.
 Sarah (Wallace) Nairn—a son.
 Winsome (Hooper) Newton—a daughter.
 Pat (O'Donnell) Stronach—a daughter.
 Ailsa (Gerard) Stuart—a daughter.
 June (White) White—a son.
 Diana (Kingsmill) Wright—a son.
 Jean (Perley-Robertson) Wright—a son.

Engagements

Gaye Douglas to Pat Packard.
 Mary Osler to The Reverend Edgar Bull.
 Nancy Paterson to Paul MacFarlane.
 Barbara Ross to Dr. Fred Davies.

Marriages

Helen Acheson to Frederick Coleman Peckham.
 Ann Binks to Nicholas Roundtree.
 Marise (Jackie) Bishop to Raymond O'Connor.
 Dora Borja to Jose Antonia Salaverria.
 Betty Caldwell to James Walker.
 Jane Edwards to Victor Jura Wilgress.
 Dr. Elizabeth Fleck to Dr. Charles Brown.
 Joan Gillies to David Tupper.
 Marguerite Kenney to Edward Julian Brower.
 Betty Massey to Louis Breithaupt.
 Damaris Owen to Robert Patterson Jackson.
 Mary Paterson to Gordon H. Kester.
 Sylvia Smellie to Charles Ritchie.
 Diana Vernon to Maurice Newnes.

General News

A CONTRIBUTION of five hundred dollars was given during the past year by the Old Girls' Association to purchase necessary equipment for the new laboratory in the Thomas Ahearn Memorial Wing. The purchases included a vapour-cabinet for ventilating the laboratory, and other equipment.

At the time of the Christmas bazaar, a very ready response was received to a request for articles for the White Elephant table which was directed by Old Girls. Contributions were sent from Toronto and Montreal, as well as from Ottawa. Among those who were active in organizing this table were: Mrs. H. E. C. Price, Mrs. Fred Toller, Mrs. Robert Southam,

Mrs. Duncan MacTavish, Elizabeth Edwards and Dorothy Wardle.

The executive of the Old Girls' Association arranged a "surprise tea" for Mrs. Buck, last June, to present a landscape painting by Bob Hyndman in commemoration of Mrs. Buck's twenty-seven years as Headmistress of Elmwood.

Among the Ottawa debutantes of 1947-1948 were the following Elmwoodians: Margot Peters, Daphne Wurtele, Margaret Maclare, Margaret Bronson, and Rosemary MacKeen.

Cecil (Bate) Baskerville has moved to Washington to join her husband who is air attaché at the Canadian Legation in Washington.

Frances Bell is taking a course in Public Health Nursing in Toronto.

Ann Bethune will be in England for a few weeks and will be bridesmaid at Jacqueline Workman's wedding on May 30th.

Mary Blackburn is a graduate Mothercraft Nurse, and is now at home in Ottawa.

Ogden Blackburn, after taking her degree at the University of Toronto, is graduating this year from the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal.

Hope (Gilmour) Buchan is living in England and now has two sons.

Janet Caldwell is at the Katherine Gibbs School in Boston.

Florence (Corristine) Carter and Joan (Goodeve) Peters are living at Benny Farms, Montreal.

Ann Chisnell is still living in England; she visited Elmwood when she was in Canada last fall.

Virginia Corristine (now Mrs. Eric Higgins) is living in Southampton, England.

Averil Crabtree is living in London where she is working with the Canadian Veterans' Affairs.

Lois Davidson is finishing her Junior year at Vassar. This summer she plans to take a course at St. Andrew's University in Scotland.

Ann Davies graduated a year ago from the Kingston General Hospital and is now nursing there.

Natalie de Marbois is living in Toronto and visited Elmwood last fall when she was in Ottawa.

"B. B." (Fraser) Deziel is living at Riverside, Ont.

Penny Duguid (now Mrs. Thomas Read) is living in Oxford, England, where her husband is studying.

Janet Edwards recently spent a month in Mexico City, visiting friends.

Joan Fraser is visiting Mrs. Allister Buchan (Hope Gilmour) in England.

Margaret Gerard will graduate this year from Queen's and will take a position at the Montreal Road Laboratories of The National Research Council.

Florence Gherardi is now living in Short Hills, New Jersey.

Elizabeth Gilchrist is planning a trip to Europe this summer.

Jessie Gilmour is in the office of the British High Commissioner in Ottawa.

Esmé Girouard is at the Canadian Legation in Norway.

Sue (Kenney) Howe is living in Halifax.

Glenn (Borbridge) Jurozynski is living in London, England.

Mary (Paterson) Kester has the status of a lecturer at the Woman's College of Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. She is in charge of public relations work there.

Lois Lambert is in charge of a Gift Shop in Montebello.

Dorothy Leggett, having completed the course at the Margaret Eaton School in Toronto, is graduating, this year, from the Physical Education department at McGill.

Suzette (Bourinot) MacDonald is in South America.

Betty (Hamilton) Maitland is living in Cairo, Egypt, where her husband is attached to the British Foreign Office. She has two sons.

Nini (Keefer) McDougall lives in Cartierville, Quebec. She has a daughter and a son.

Lette McGreer, who graduated from the Montreal General Hospital is now at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York.

Suzanne Mess is at the Ontario College of Art in Toronto and is making an excellent record there.

Nancy (Haultain) Nation is living in Calgary. She has two children.

Mary Osler has, during the past winter, been directing the Youth Program of the Y.W.C.A. in Kingston.

Ruth Osler who is finishing her third year, has been active in theatrical work at St. Hilda's College, University of Toronto. She is one of the two women who appeared in the Trinity College Revue.

Damaris Owen (now Mrs. Robert Patterson Jackson) is living in British Columbia.

Jackie (Vernon) Palmer is again living in Ottawa.

Mary Patteson has passed the London Matriculation examination, and is living in England.

Ann Powell is working in the Department of Trade and Commerce. She plans to spend the summer months in England.

Catherine (Bate) Sampson is joining her husband, Group Captain Sampson, who is air attaché at the Canadian Legation in Buenos Aires.

Ann Shaw went to Mexico on a holiday last fall.

Vivian (King) Sykes is in Germany with her husband.

Joan (Gillies) Tupper, whose home is in Vancouver, visited Ottawa recently. We extend our deepest sympathy to her on the death of her mother.

Dorothy Wardle is working at the Swedish Legation.

Cairine Wilson is the chairman of the Ottawa Committee of the Canadian "Save the Children Fund". Last summer she spent several months in Europe in connection with this work.

Norma Wilson is with the Bell Telephone Company in Ottawa as a receptionist.

Jacqueline Workman has been acting with the Brighton Repertory Theater in Brighton, England.

Mary Wurtelc, after graduating from the Montreal General Hospital, is at the Vancouver General Hospital.

Elizabeth Wyatt is completing her first year at Rockford College, in the United States.

Learning

"**B**UT I don't agree with you. Ven I was in Germany before the war my wife and two boys we were always taught to get as much learning as ve could".

"Yes, that's always useful but I think that you should concentrate on one subject and become proficient in that one thing, so you can go far in life".

"But we don't learn only to get to the top".

We had been arguing for an hour and a half on many subjects, one leading to the other. My father was, I think, testing the man to see how much education he had had.

"You zee if you concentrate on one subject you are apt to go queer. When I was studying in the Toronto University we had long discussions on this subject, and later when I was working in a hospital I was able to see the

effect of concentrating on one subject. Men would come in completely mad just from too much concentrating on one subject. It is not good".

"But if you learn many things you often don't remember any of them after a few years".

"Again I don't agree. I have five university degrees, I have worked in a hospital, written a book on politics and since my wife died some years ago I have brought up my two sons. All my learning has been of good use I think".

The man picked up his tools and put them in his black bag.

"Vell, I guess your piano will stay tuned for a little while now".

WENDY HUGHSON, VI Upper
Nightingale

Cadet Notes

THIS year the activities of the Rockcliffe Cadet Nursing Division have been varied and interesting. Judy McCulloch, Margot Leonard, Jacqueline Nothnagel, and Millicent Struthers are sergeants. Three other cadets (Deirdre Collens, Norah Cameron and Joan Toller) have been promoted to corporals.

There is a new colourful badge, which is awarded to any cadet with two hundred hours' public duty to her credit. Many of the cadets are working towards this and other badges. The courses taken this year were First Aid and Home Nursing. First Aid lectures were given by Miss A. Philbrick and the Home Nursing was taken by Miss M. Dixon, both of whom are Lady Cadet Officers in the Division. Dr. Howlett gave the examinations; there were very good results, which show the real interest taken by the cadets in their work.

We are extremely sorry that Mrs. Buck has

found it necessary to resign from her position as Lady Divisional Superintendent. She has always taken a keen interest in our work, and has been our Lady Divisional Superintendent from the time the Rockcliffe Division was started in 1943. She has been succeeded by Mrs. Hulse who has cheerfully taken the responsibility of such a large division of fifty-one cadets.

In May we had a demonstration at the Drill Hall in Cartier Square where all the cadets of the Federal District were inspected. It was a successful drill and although much effort was put into the preparation, the results were well worth it.

We are sure that a great deal has been learnt this year and we hope that next year interest will continue and that those who are not returning will be able to put to use the knowledge gained.

The Man Who Never Smiled

IT WAS a year after the "blitz" and England was still in a terrible state. Many houses in our little village had been bombed, and ruins were seen everywhere.

One afternoon, a little before sunset, I entered the quaint old Hungarian shop on the corner. There was no sign of either the old store-keeper, Mr. Lukacz or his wife, who at that time of day usually sat in their rocking chairs by the window. After I tinkled the bell a few times, Mrs. Lukacz came out from the back of the store, the Lukacz's sleeping quarters. She was a kind and gentle old lady, with soft silver hair, which framed her wrinkled but sweet face. Whenever I went in the store, I always hoped that she would wait on me, for I feared Mr. Lukacz a little. I could talk freely with his wife but he always looked at me with the attitude of, "Don't bother me, child".

But this time Mrs. Lukacz was not her usual self. Her eyes were red as though she had been crying and I wondered if I should say anything to her about them. After several attempts to speak (for in those days I was quite shy) I asked her if something was wrong. She said, "no", but started to sob. I was only young then but I already felt sorry for the old lady with a husband like hers. In my pocket I had a clean handkerchief and, going to her, I pressed it in her hand. Mr. Luckacz, who I nicknamed, "The man who never smiled", came into the front of the shop. In a harsh voice he told me to go away because his wife wasn't feeling well. I started for the door. As I was closing it I heard him say, "But we must get out of here."

I was very much surprised for Mr. Lukacz had never had a German accent before, that is, to my knowledge. I quickly shut the door

for I didn't want to be caught eavesdropping.

On my way home, I asked myself, "What do I really know about the Lukacz's?" I didn't know much; no one knew about the history of the Lukacz's because they didn't like to talk about themselves. All that was known was that they had moved here in the beginning of 1941, almost two years after the war had begun. What of Mr. Lukacz's sudden change to a German accent? Suddenly my mind flashed to a newspaper article I had read the night before. It had had the heading, "Believe Nazi leader and wife hiding in England". The article told about a stern old Nazi army leader of approximately sixty years of age, with a scar on his left cheek. According to the newspaper he had escaped from a French prison camp; how it was not known. The article went on to tell that he had a wife of about the same age and that for two years no one had seen or heard of her. The couple had lived in Hungary before the war and had then moved to Germany. The description fitted the Lukacz's perfectly, except for the scar. But, wait a minute. Mr. Lukacz had a scar on one of his cheeks! Which cheek was it? Yes, it was the left! No, it couldn't be so. How could a gentle and sweet old woman like Mrs. Lukacz be mixed up in that kind of trouble? Yet I couldn't get the idea out of my mind.

All this speculation had taken only a few seconds, and I was still only a few yards away from the shop. All of a sudden I heard what sounded like a terrible explosion. I turned

around and was struck dumb with horror at the sight which greeted my eyes. The little shop was going up in flames! Screaming, I started running toward it. A hand held me back and though I struggled it was impossible to get free. Blackness came over me and the next thing I remember was waking up and finding myself in my own bed with my mother standing over me.

"What happened?" I asked.

My mother told me that I had been very lucky, for as soon as I came out of the shop, it had been bombed and had burst into flames. In a quiet voice she went on to tell me that the Lukacz's had not been saved but had died in the fire which followed the explosion.

I lay in bed thinking, and though I was sorry for Mrs. Lukacz I felt that maybe it was better that way. I was sure that Mr. Lukacz was the Nazi leader about whom I had read. Dying that way spared his wife the hardships through which she might have had to live.

I wonder what the Germans would say if they knew they had killed one of their own people whom they needed. Of course, I might be wrong in assuming that Mr. Lukacz was a Nazi. It doesn't make any difference now, for the "Man Who Never Smiled" never again had the opportunity not to smile.

BETSY ALEXANDER, V A
Keller

Despair

This crazy poem will never rhyme,
Although I'm at it all the time.
The proper words I cannot find,
They just ignore my brilliant mind.

Never try to be too clever,
Don't try writing poems—no never.
Your self assurance slowly goes,
Take this advice from one who knows!

The silly moral of this story,
Isn't one of fame or glory,
Don't go writing verse that's funny,
You'll end with neither brains nor money!

WENDY QUAIN, V C
Keller

Prefect Notes

Angela Christensen:

*"She is little, but she is wise,
She is a terror for her size."*

"Angus" and "Gus" are but two of the nicknames attached to our long-suffering Head Girl. She has been with us for eight years and since this year is the last, she is making the most of it in every way. One of the three members of the sitting-room, Angus has an admirable knack of always reaching the comfiest chair first, where her hand immediately reaches for the radio and her eyes rise to "Philip" our pride and joy. Although she is a very social bird (the May Court Ball is one evidence of this) she has done a wonderful job in keeping the school in order and at the same time happy, besides getting good marks in all her subjects. So, beware, McGill! Angus is headed your way. Good luck, Angela!



Wendy Hughson:

*"Born with the gift of laughter
and a sense that the world is mad."—Sabatini*

"Beef" is back again with us this year as our senior prefect as well as head of Nightingale. Every Friday afternoon "Beef" is found dashing downtown in "Frankie" (that's her car) to procure something hastily that has been forgotten for prefects' tea. Her weaknesses at present are brown bloomers and cookies. "Beef" has discovered that playing badminton and skiing all week-end don't exactly agree with the same muscles, and on Monday mornings during the winter continuous groaning was heard coming out of the sitting room. "Beef" has taken a full senior matric course this year, her only complaint in this connection being that when she has her only spare during the week, she can't get into the sitting room as it is occupied. Next year finds Wendy at Carleton College (she hopes!). Whether you are there or not, Wendy, we wish you the best of luck in the future.



Deirdre Collens:

"The past unsighed for, and the future sure."

"Dee" is our only VI M member in the sitting room this year, as she sprang from the ranks of monitor to the position of Prefect and Head Boarder. You'll find her anywhere from behind a mountain of pictures, sorting them for the magazine; straightening the juniors ties in the morning, making out weekly pocket-money lists; to deafening people with the dinner bell. "Dee" is also a very accomplished actress; and this year you are apt to meet her in a passage, striding along, practising the part of Noah in the senior play. She leaves the rest of us gasping after exams as she has a wonderful knack of getting good marks with little effort (apparently). This summer we wave good-bye to "Dee" on a missionary ship bound for Nigeria. We all wish her the very best of luck and hope she will be back with us next year, though we wonder if, by that time, her theme song won't be, "Bongo, bongo, bongo".



House Senior Notes



Peggy Edwards:

"Better late than never, and better dead than late."

"Mumbles", one of our glamorous deb's, maulders her way through our life, but VI Upper is indebted to her for pulling us through French classes with well-timed "oui's", the hidden meaning of which only she and Mademoiselle share. I guess we will all be ardent fans watching Peggy's tennis this summer, —she has a charge account at the Rockcliffe Tennis Club now. We don't see too much of "Mumbles" in classes, as she shuns our profound science and maths classes to excel at music, with which she enthralles us. Make ready the crimson carpet, Carleton,—"Mumbles" is heading for you next year.



Carol Maclareen:

*"You must wake and call me early,
Call me early, mother mine.
The school-bell rings at ten to nine."*

Carol, the most phlegmatic member of VI Upper, is not too keen about school work, but never fails her exams. Her ambition in life is to find the keys to the car, but maybe it's just as well she can't find them as we heard of her appearance in court a while back. Carol always leaves her mascots in our books; "Bugs" or "Destry" have a warm place in her heart. She has an uncanny memory for movie scripts but we wonder if James Stewart has anything to do with it. Next year, Carol is hoping to go to university in the United States. We hope our good neighbours realize they are getting a girl with a potential wealth of knowledge. Good luck, Carol!



Elizabeth Paterson:

*"In sports she excels, in beauty as well;
An all-round pal, we think she's swell."*

Libby is our Sports Captain again this year. On Tuesdays and Thursdays we can find her tearing around getting girls assembled for games. She carries the responsibility of this task extremely well. The star of the gym class, Libby also skis, plays tennis, and is, in our opinion, a crack swimmer and diver—her ambition being to do three somersaults in the air. It is easy to see why she won the bar to her physical training medal last year. Her likes are: sailing, Florida, Queen's University, Scotland, Nellie Letcher and Gregory Peck. Her good nature is never lacking, even on the dullest of days. She is, indeed, everybody's friend. Libby hopes to follow in her sister's footsteps at Queens' next year. After the astounding number of eleven years at Elmwood, her sunny smile and cheerful nature will be sorely missed. It is our loss, but it is Queens' gain.

Ann Edwards:

"I have often regretted my speech, never my silence."

Ann is the youngest House Senior, and the only one in VI M. She is a great favourite of everyone and the enthusiasm which she shows toward her school work as well as her sporting activities make her a great asset to Fry. Ed's pet aversion are advertising difficulties, in spite of which she has done a marvellous job as head of the magazine advertising committee. She is an ardent Scotch patriot as shown in the name of her beloved horse, "MacDuff". Ann has a one-track mind when it comes to discussing summer cottages, and her main ambition in life is to win the sailing races at Portland-on-the-Rideau. As well as riding and sailing, Ann enjoys swimming, tennis, music, and art, along with an occasional mixing in the lab. Ed's future plans aren't settled at the moment, but we all hope she will return to Elniwood. Whatever she does is sure to turn out well (as always) so we have no worries as to her success in the future.



MONITORS 1947-1948

M. Bate

J. Marble

A. MacDonald

J. Nesbitt

M. Code

P. Fulford

H. Barcant



CANDID SHOTS



FOR THE past two years we have had Miss Philbrick on the resident staff, as our gym and games mistress. We would like to take this opportunity to thank her for the enthusiasm and great interest which she has shown in all our sporting activities. Our technique and spirit of "Fair Play", which is strongly emphasized, have advanced considerably under her leadership.

Sports Day

On Friday, June 6th, 1947, Sports Day was held. It was fortunately a day just suited for such an event, being not too hot, and it proved a great success in every way. There were considerably more visitors than had attended during the past few years. Moreover the programme contained a large number of interesting individual events which added to the enthusiasm.

Nightingale captured the Inter-house Sports' Day Cup, winning over Fry by 10 points and over Keller by 16. The other victories were as follows:—

Inter-house Relay—Nightingale

Senior Sports Cup—Judy Nesbitt

Intermediate Sports Cup—Mavis Hothersall

Junior Sports Cup—Shirley Thomas

Preparatory Sports Cup—Lee Mackay.

Basketball

This year we were fortunate in having extremely good fall weather and without much trouble we were able to get the Inter-house Basketball Games completed by November.

Nightingale House was fortunate in winning the Senior Games and Keller, the Junior. The points were totaled for the Senior and Junior Games and it was found that Nightingale was in the lead. Nightingale therefore has won the Basketball Cup. A game between the Old-Girls and Seniors took place in the spring; also a game between the Juniors and Rockcliffe Public School is being planned.

Skiing

Skiing has been exceptionally good this winter and has been one of the chief enjoyments of the boarders, who went numerous times to Kingsmere, and to Wakefield. A number of the day girls spent their week-ends at Fortune, and Rockcliffe Park has been used to some extent for the enthusiastic beginners.

Skating

Skating has increased in popularity exceedingly since last winter. The rink has been constantly in use by both the seniors and juniors and has been used for practicing by

the Minto Club members. Twice a week boarders and a number of the day girls were given helpful instruction, if they wished, by Miss Dexter. This was very beneficial.

Tennis

To the great disappointment of many, the season was too short and filled with too many other activities to include tennis tournaments in the program for 1947, but it is hoped that the 1948 matches will be played as usual.

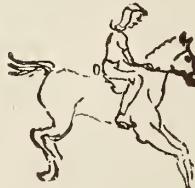
Badminton

In the hall during the winter months we were successful in getting both the Inter-house and the Senior and Junior School games played off before Easter. Enthusiasm has increased but numerous other activities made it difficult to get the matches played off rapidly. Fry was the lucky house in again

winning the Badminton Cup by 12 points over Keller, who came second, having won the Junior tournaments. The winners of the Senior badminton doubles were Angela Christensen and Wendy Hughson; of the Junior badminton doubles, the winners were Pamela Rogers and Rose Alexander.

Gym and Drill

Under Miss Philbrick's instruction we have had a very enjoyable year. All the apparatus has been put to use by the Gym classes and "Shipwreck" is still the favourite of the Juniors. There has been tobogganning and fort building for them on the grounds, and a keen interest in baseball has been brought out in a desire for Inter-house baseball games, which will take place in the spring. The Juniors as well as the Seniors have had a year of very valuable instruction.



Horse Nonsense

HORSES seem to be a favourite topic of discussion among Elmwoodians this year. Of course, the Pony Club started it. Colonel and Mrs. Mann founded the Pony Club this autumn and kindly invited us to join; many of us were glad to do so. So far it has been very successful. There have been rallies on Saturday mornings and movies or lectures on horsemanship when it was too cold to ride.

The Hunt Club has also had a very good season. Many of the girls, both boarders and day girls, have been following the hounds this season.

One important event for us in Ottawa was the retiring of "Lady Cushendon", Shirley Mann's horse, with a wonderful record of firsts in the ring.

The school was well represented at the Horse Show of the Ottawa Winter Fair. In the children's "Seat and hands" the majority of riders were members of the school and we were very proud when Jo-Ann Davis came off with the cup.

To finish off, this summer there is to be a grand rally at the Seignory Club, where several Pony Clubs from Ontario and Quebec are to compete. We are hoping to send twelve members from our own club.

We trust that everyone will keep up the good work and "We'll be seeing you" at the summer Horse Show.

J. HARGREAVES, V C
Fry



WHEN WE all arrived back last September we were looking forward to a very good year. There were five new resident mistresses, Miss Aldous, Miss Castas, Miss Richardson and Miss Hudson, the nurse. Miss Wiltshire, whom we had met last year, took over the full time post of house-mistress this year. She has been very kind to riding and skating enthusiasts.

So we settled down to enjoy our serene lives as Elmwood Boarders (crash). Did I say peaceful? Well, with the exception of the lounge when there is anyone in it, and the senior class room between five and six, the school is serene.

Some of the officers got their heads together in early November and decided that the senior boarders should see more of the day girls. The result was an attempt at square dancing. We invited some Ashbury boys, and Peggy and Wendy brought the records. The first time, we had only two squares of four couples each, but in our second session in February we had three squares. The first time all the girls wore sweaters and got very hot; the second time all the boys wore slippery shoes. They found out just how slippery our hall

floor can be! But everyone had so much fun that we are looking forward to another before the year is out.

Poor Miss Hudson and Miss Beckwith! Nine "Chickens"! Just imagine, nine people got chicken-pox, and all just before Christmas. Some of the earlier cases got home at the start of the holidays, but the Trinidadians and Andrea Hadley were in the "Chicken coop" until after Christmas.

Christmas is a wonderful time for us boarders. The last Sunday before the holidays we have a big turkey dinner (big that is! Have a fourth helping!) Then we go down to Mrs. Buck's house to sing Christmas Carols. This year we made a record of "Good King Wenceslas" with Mr. Buck singing "The King".

Miss Richardson used to play the piano in the music room during second study. At least that's how it started. Everyone loves to listen; everyone loves to sing. This turned into an eager group of juniors and intermediates, who now gather for a sing-song after study almost every night. Thank you, Miss Richardson.

We have gone to many concerts this year. The Tremblay concerts have been popular. Some of the others were so popular indeed that

a bus was hired to take us. Quite often we gave the bus driver a concert coming back. Buses somehow always inspire singing.

This year the bus to take us skiing came for us at the school. We went up to Kingsmere almost every "In Saturday" in the winter term. Miss Wiltshire found that by going in the morning we avoided the crowd and (not that we haven't enough pocket money or anything) it only costs us fifty cents for a ski tow ticket until two-thirty. Just before Easter

when the snow was melting we were taken to Wakefield for our last skiing.

Birthday Teas came practically once a week this year. And not one of us got tired of hamburgers, weiners, chocolate milk, birthday cake, and that "yummy" chocolate sauce; we even had a try at "Cheeseburgers". After Birthday Teas we all scramble to get a birthday candle, and we sleep on it faithfully in hopes that our dreams will come true—about next year.



LAST June, we learned to our great regret that Miss May was leaving us after many successful years with the ambitious young artists of Elmwood. We were, however, fortunate to have, as her successor, Mr. Henri Masson who has made the year both interesting and beneficial.

We have had a wide variety of training subjects, such as sketching out of doors, drawing from still-life and from models, and imaginative compositions. Some very surprising work has been done showing originality and unique fancies. Mr. Masson has tried all year (with success) to get the girls from Trinidad to refrain from painting palm trees.

One afternoon early in the fall, reporters from the *Montreal Standard* appeared and took

some shots of us working out of doors with Mr. Masson. A very attractive page of photographs in the Sunday Supplement was the result.

The Juniors under Mrs. Amtmann have concentrated on filling the page in an interesting way and on using clear, bright colours. We congratulate Judy Kellock on her work and on her promotion to the Senior Art Class. Several girls have come up to the studio to pose for us during the winter and we wish to thank them for forfeiting their free periods and for being so uncomfortable without grumbling.

We also thank you, especially, Mr. Masson, for spending so much of your time in helping us and for being so very patient.



JESSIE

by Margot Leonard



CHARCOAL SKETCH

by Halcyon Barcant



A STUDY

by Martha Bate



STILL LIFE

by Jacqueline Nothnagel



TREES

by Halcyon Barcant



AUTUMN

by Sarah Grant



FANTASY ON HALLOWEEN

by Mary Burns



APRIL SHOWERS

by Shirley Smith

PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST



FIRST PRIZE—JUNIOR
Mary Jane Miles



FIRST PRIZE—SENIOR
Shirley Mann



SECOND PRIZE—JUNIOR
Sarita Setton



SECOND PRIZE—SENIOR
Pat Knowlton



THIRD PRIZE—JUNIOR
Margaret Gill



THIRD PRIZE—SENIOR
Jacqueline Nothnagel

Bazaar Notes

FOR SOME years now, Elmwood has held its annual Christmas bazaar in aid of the "Save The Children Fund". This year as last, the school raised over one thousand dollars for this cause. Among the many guests present were the Governor General and Viscountess Alexander. Their Excellencies were received by Mrs. Buck, Mrs. Edward Fauquier, Mrs. H. S. Southam and the Hon. Cairine Wilson.

In order to avoid congestion, we tried an innovation this year; tables were set up in the Assembly Hall. Here, under the expert guidance of Mademoiselle Juge, assisted by Norah Cameron, baby garments and other hand-made articles were sold. Books and candy were also displayed in this room. Books, under Betsy Alexandor and her group of helpers, did a rushing business. Again, this year, candy and jam were under the convenorship of Miss Adams and Elizabeth Paterson. The Sunday before the bazaar was spent in practising the art of making fudge. The boarders took over the kitchen, much to the cook's dismay; and the day-girls, their mothers and friends, indulged in the sport of candy-making. Needless to say, the candy-counter was a very popular attraction. The home-cooking which was sold at the same table under the supervision of Miss Castas was also much appreciated.

Raffles and stamps were sold in the library. Miss Chappell and Carol Maclarens were in charge of raffles. Many useful and interesting articles had been contributed, and we wish to thank the donors for their generous gifts. Stamps were a new feature of the bazaar this year. Miss Philbrick and a few enthusiasts collected stamps to add to the customers' collections.

The sale of entrance tickets was directed by Miss MacLean, assisted by Ann Edwards and form representatives. A contest was held to see which form could sell the most tickets, and the juniors put the seniors to shame.

The cloak-room was managed by Miss Richardson, with the help of Sally McCarter and this added a considerable sum to the proceeds. Christmas decorations in the hall and dining-room were arranged by Deirdre Collens and the senior boarders.

Tea was efficiently managed by Miss Dixon assisted by Angela Christensen and Deirdre Collens. To prevent crowding a plan was made to ask guests to use different doors to go in and come out. This proved to be very satisfactory. Most of the day-girls and boarders contributed generously to the provisions for the tea, and the seniors took turns on the tea-shift.

In the front hall, the Old Girls took over the White Elephant table, and seemed to have great fun rooting out every imaginable article for the lavish display on the counter. We would like to thank everyone who made it so successful. Something completely different from the past was the table of "The Nations" planned by Mrs. Buck and ably assisted by Peggy Edwards. Many valuable and unique articles contributed by friends from abroad were attractive and educational. We are most grateful to those who helped to make this table successful.

During the afternoon, entertainment was provided. The juniors under the direction of Mrs. Taylor gave a funny little "Gollywog Play" followed by a charmingly portrayed "Nativity Play". The program ended with V A's play "Written and produced by V A". It was an amusing and clever take-off on a radio "soap-opera" V A put a great deal of work into their play and we congratulate them on their greatly appreciated effort.

The whole school worked zealously; with the aid of the mistresses, the girls, their parents and friends, the afternoon was a great success.

Toc-H

*"Teach us good Lord to serve thee as thou
deservest,
To give and not to count the cost,
To fight and not to heed the wounds,
To toil and not to seek for rest,
To labour and not to ask for any reward
Save that of knowing that we do Thy will."*

DURING the school year Toc-H has profited greatly by two visits from representatives of Toc-H. The first was Padre Williams from England, who told us many interesting stories about London during the war, and made us realize what some of the people had gone through. He also mentioned what good work Toc-H members had done in starting canteens and clubs for the service men.

Our second visit was from Miss Gladys Goodacre, who had been associated with Head Quarters of Toc-H W.D. in England during the war. Miss Goodacre addressed a large group of day girls in the afternoon. This enabled a great many of us to become a little more acquainted with the work of Toc-H. She also mentioned that when the Queen received personal appeals that required individual attention she sometimes asked one of the women of the Women's Division of Toc-H to look into it, and that Miss Goodacre herself had on several occasions made visits as a representative of the Queen. That evening Miss Goodacre met a group of boarders. We began with the service of light and, following this, Miss Goodacre told us first about the serious side and then about the amusing side of Toc-H. Miss Goodacre is now a Bishops' Messenger in Manitoba.

On December 11th we joined in the world chain of light, as we have done in previous years.

All these meetings have helped to bring the spirit of Toc-H nearer to every one of us, so that when we leave school we may carry it wherever we go.

*"To think fairly,
To love widely,
To build bravely,
To witness humbly."*

The Wedding

Elizabeth and Philip were married today
In Westminster Abbey far away.
On November twentieth, forty-seven
Those two were blessed in the sight of heaven.

Her Majesty The Queen wore a gown of gold
And The King his naval suit, I've been told;
The bride herself wore satin and pearls,
And a diamond tiara on her curls.

Eight bridesmaids attended the Heir to the
Throne,
Two pages and a maid of honour alone.
Prince Philip in his naval suit was dressed;
His best man stood by and hoped for the best.

After the service back to Buckingham Palace
With all their guests, and Princess Alice.
From there the couple drove away
To their home called Broadlands for a stay.

Great crowds lined the way along the Mall
Now thinking, "She's beautiful",
(They always shall)
As she drove by, there arose a shout.
(They love their Princess beyond a doubt).

ANDREA HADLEY, V A
Keller

* * *

Discovery

First dreams—first grief—first love; all paltry
'firsts',
These, like the sodden sky, hang bleakly over
all.
From birth to death, their mysteries expend
Themselves; hang round our waists, and just
as limply fall;
Their thoughts grow old—but greater far than
time
Is the first, pulsating glimpse of knowledge,
gleaned
From minds of great men. For ever after bliss
Is ours, to fill the void where idle fancy leaned.

SHIRLEY MANN, V A
Fry

The Aftermath

THROUGH the streets I walked, searching for food. No one asked me where I was going, or if I was lost, because so many children wander vacantly round the streets nowadays, and it has become a common thing. My feet were cold and the sacking I had wrapped round them was nearly worn through. I sat down on the curb, discouraged and hungry, and my thoughts drifted back to my very early childhood.

My father had died soon after my second brother was born and I had little recollection of him. My mother, my two brothers, and I lived in a cosy little house just outside the city of Antwerp. I often wandered into the city and I always drifted towards the docks, which were a center of hubbub and noise.

Then the war came, and soon afterwards my two little brothers were killed. It was very lonely but Mummy kept on as a dress-maker, and was kept busy working for the Frauleins of the district. She got up at dawn and often it was midnight before she came home, haggard and worn, laden with bundles of materials. She would throw me a wan smile and we would talk for a while then hitch in our belts and fall into bed, trying to quiet our hungry stomachs. However, mother became over-tired and ill, and I was left alone much of the time to get food, and keep house. At first it wasn't so bad, but the Germans kept tightening up on the supplies and soon only a few meagre dribbles were to be found.

The clock struck and brought me back to the world of grim reality, I got up and seeing a garbage-can, staggered towards it, rummaging feverishly through it, but as usual there was nothing edible except an old gnawed bone.

Although it had obviously been thoroughly chewed, I hid it under my blouse to take to mother. I walked home, hoping to find her feeling better. Yesterday she had suddenly fainted and had had a terrific fever. Somehow I was afraid. She had looked so white and thin, lying there on our one miserable pallet.

I rounded the corner and saw several soldiers coming laughing towards me. I hated soldiers, and ran and hid until they had passed. Arriving home, I found my mother worse than ever.

She kept turning restlessly on her pallet, burning with a fever that left her weak and trembling. I tried everything; late that night she died, smiling, but I know in pain. For a while I just sat there, not feeling, hearing or seeing anything. Death had followed our family relentlessly striking in swift silent blows like an unearthly spectre, first my father, then my brothers and now my mother. I was an orphan.

Later I covered the still, wax-like body with an old worn rag, and left the house, never to see it again. I thought I might be able to get a job as a children's nurse, for although I was only nine, like most European children, I felt quite experienced, having had to care for my two younger brothers before they died. I went to the house of a wealthy American that I knew of, hoping to get work there. The maid opened the door to my persistent knocking, but having seen so many ragged children come begging for food, she was just about to close the door on me, when the mistress of the house came along.

"Who is it, Anya?" she called.

"Oh, just a child, ma'am; probably come beggin' for food."

"Bring her in. Why you poor thing, you look half dead. What's your name, dear?" again the low, vibrant voice of a beautiful woman.

"Gretchen, ma'am" I replied meekly. "I came to look for work."

"Work? Why you don't look strong enough to lift even a broom. Come in dear, Anya, fetch Gretchen something to eat and bring it into the study."

This wonderful, vivacious person led me into a glorious room, where I told her my own story and why I was there. She was extremely kind, soon putting me at ease.

They took me in, and treated me as one of their own children, of whom they had two. They promised me that when they left for America, I was to go with them, and that is how I first came to America, to Massachusetts, my adopted state.

JUDY McCULLOCH, V A
Fry

A Picture I Should Like to Paint

I WOULD love to paint a great big picture of the country that stretches East beyond Quebec City, the lower St. Lawrence. I would sit on the highest of the rolling green hills and paint the shimmering river as far as my eye could see, from the last misty corner on the way to Quebec to where the daily-passing ships meet the sea.

Around a grassy slope my eyes would catch Les Eboulements, Baie St. Paul, and Mal Baie (known as Murray Bay to the English). All the little French Canadian villages that have gone on in their own colourful, quiet way for the past three hundred years, unchanged except for cars, trains, electricity and knee-length skirts.

I would paint the sea gulls, crying over the hills, and swooping to stare at a passing ship, or winging their way to the distant south shore, where the blue hills of Vermont are a faint line, and the icy grayish yellow-green salt water that comes in at high tide, over the grey sand, and entirely covers the submarines that never came up, and the fishing boats that never returned.

With a touch of my paint-brush, the magnificent sunset would appear, the rose, gold, crimson and purple of a St. Lawrence sunset. I would sprinkle the little lights on, as they come out when the sun sinks in the west.

My picture would be complete if only I could supply the sounds. The hoot of a sea-bound ship, the endless swish of the tide, the cries of gulls, and all the familiar noises. Then my picture would be finished. The picture of the rolling country that immortalized Wolf, Montcalm, Champlain and Cartier, the Lower St. Lawrence.

JANE HAMILTON, V C
Nightingale

* * *

One of our mistresses was telling us how she got her passport to Canada.

FIRST QUESTION: What is your occupation?

ANSWER: Teacher.

SECOND QUESTION: Can you read and write?

November Days

Damp days, tramp days,
These are the days November brings—
Bare trees, cold knees,
Birds flying South with beat of their wings.
Flurries of snow, that swirl and blow,
Covering the hill and the plain—
Ice on the pond, and the lake beyond,
Why winter's come again!

SALLIE McCARTER, V A
Nightingale.

* * *

"Man in the Rain"

A Modern Sketch

HE STOOD there, hunched like a crooked tree, under his raincoat. I watched him from a distance. His hands and hat were listless, dripping in time with the sodden rain. What was he thinking? The slum-street was grey and dark, except for one end, where a strange green-yellow light peered in like the eye of a searching cat. In front of his dragged-out form was a store-window, probably belonging to an old-clothes shop, a pawn broker's or a laundry. The little stretch of glass was expressionless; the shop was dark; the pane, lit only by that weird light from without, was streaked with rain. I felt like taking a towel and drying its face. The man moved. I could see his eyes. Their deep shadows showed plainly even from where I was. His hands, which had been hanging from his coat-sleeves like newly-washed socks, wandered slowly into his pockets. One hand came out again, holding a small black object. I could not see what it was, for it was half-hidden from me. It glistened slightly silver in the rain. He stood holding the shape for a few seconds—it could have been his wallet—then returned it to its oblong prison. A gust of wind blew along the street, throwing a sodden bit of paper against my legs. I bent down to peel it off. When I looked up again, the man had gone. He moved slowly up the street in the direction of the yellow light. The pavements shone silver-black. The bridge-rails in the storm-glow stood up like black sentries. And the rain passed.

SHIRLEY MANN, V A
Fry

My Church

AT TEN o'clock each Sunday, the two singing boys of the church at Bermicourt, my home in France, hang themselves to the large rope, and ring the bell of the steeple as hard and as strongly as their strength permits.

Hearing this signal, the people of the village in their best Sunday clothes start to walk toward their little old church. First come the mother and the father; then all the children walk behind, all straight in their starched collars. They all enter the church and go to their reserved places with a noise of wooden shoes on a stone floor. All the children are sitting on a bench in front, girls on one side and boys on the other; then come all the women and maids behind their praying desks. The men are standing up at the back near the door.

The mass starts; the old lay clerk begins to sing with a low, trembling voice; all the women answer together as high and as strongly as they can. None of them knows if she is out of tune, because they all sing with all their hearts. Each time they have to sit down it makes a terrible noise, for everyone is turning her chair; when they have to kneel they turn them again. During the sermon all the men go out. When it is finished they come in again.

As there are many holes in the glass windows, often a little bird comes in and, a bit afraid, flies all over the choir. All the heads of the children go up and down and from right to left, as they follow its revolutions, till the old lay clerk looks at them with severe eyes and makes a little noise with his tongue to keep them in order.

When the mass is finished, everybody rushes out, laughing, talking, and admiring each other's clothes. Men go to the "Cafe" to talk about their affairs and to discuss the news that is posted up on a board near the door of the church. The rest of their families reach their homes, and the mistress of each house prepares a good and large lunch to feast Sunday.

MARIE DE HAUTECLOCQUE, V B
Keller

Barbara Ann Scott

Barbara Ann Scott!
Artistry never equalled before,
Rhythm on an icy floor,
Beauty with her flashing blades,
Ambition hers that never fades,
Radiant charm with happy face,
Acrobat with perfect grace.

Attentiveness to all details,
Never slack and never fails.
Newspapers relate those tales.

Skillful in her chosen field,
Clever, and not one to yield.
Ottawa's pride and joy!
To everyone she is, in truth,
The symbol of Canadian youth.

JILL HODGKIN, V B
Nightingale

* * *

QUIZ

How Well Do You Know Elmwood?

The following inscriptions are found around the School. Guess where?

1. Summa Summarum
2. Pactum Serva
3. "With Every Good Wish".
4. "Not for an age but for all time".
5. Take heed of what your hours are made.
My hours are made of sun and shade.
6. Out of School.
7. Presented to Keller House.
8. Presented by the Prize Winners of
1926-27.
9. The Northern River.
10. Presented by the Prize Winners of
1929-30.
11. "To listen now and always to the voice
of God".
12. Presented by the Prize Winners of
1930-31.
13. Non Noblis Solum
14. Aldermaston Park

DEIDRE COLLENS, VI M
Nightingale

Answers on page 49

War Memorial

—Air-waves from England!
They were playing “The King”.
Faintly it came, and muffled—
Then a bit more distinctly—
You could almost hear the words—

—In that bleak fall of nineteen-forty,
The planes came.

They roared

Above, and threw missiles of steel
In their insolence.

Flames grew,
And towered high above the roof-tops,
Leaping and crackling, when the walls grew
tired,
And crumpled to their bed of rubble
To their last rest—

—One would think
That amidst this horror, Fear would stalk
The hearts and minds of men who died
In vain to stem the rising tide
Of lust, arrogance, and pitiless cruelty
Threatening to engulf the earth,
Rushing on and on until the world,
Sorrowing for loss of its greatest weapon,
Tolerance, would collapse in a meaningless
heap.

Not so, the Londoners.

When a bomb fell close,
One would remark to the other,
“You know, old chap, those Jerries ain’t so
good—
“They missed us again!”

It was things like this
Which made the world stand up and cheer.

—“And England *shall* be free,
“If England means as much to you,
“As England means to me!”—And it did,
To every one of those British people.
When they fought, the world fought with
them;
But none fought more bravely than London.

—Air-waves from England:
The war is over—they are playing “The King”.
The sound is strong, triumphant:
It is the voice of the people—“We told them!”
It is the voice of England.

SHIRLEY MANN, V A
Fry

Answers to Quiz

on page 39

1. Board in Hall.
2. Desk in front hall.
3. Picture of Helen Keller.
4. Knocker on Mrs. Buck’s office door.
5. Sun-dial.
6. A picture in front hall.
7. Picture of Elmwood in Senior class room.
8. Statue of Indian on Horse.
9. Picture in corridor of school house.
10. The frieze in the stone corridor.
11. Toc-H corner of senior class room.
12. Cabinet that holds cups.
13. Reading desk in Hall.
14. Picture in front hall.

Poor Charlie

Poor Charlie bought Mary a gay parasol,
As they went to the Fair she looked like a doll.
For he’d bought dancing shoes
For her little white feet,
And pretty blue ribbons to keep her hair neat,
A dainty white pinafore, ruffled and sweet
And small lacey gloves and a skirt with a pleat.
When they got to the fair, though he’d cry
and he’d call
Mary, with John, thought of him not at all.

JANE GRAHAM, V I M
Fry.

Limericks of IV A*By IV A***JILL HARRIS**

To Elmwood came a girl called Jill,
Who on skis had sort of a spill,
She broke one of her bones,
And started her moans,
That poor little skier called Jill.

MARY FRANCES MATTHEWMAN

There was a young girl called Frances,
Who wanted to learn fancy dances,
She tried and she tried,
But nothing applied,
To that silly young dancer called Frances.

MAIRI MATHESON

There was a young girl called Mairi,
Who never got sick or weary,
When French came along,
She could talk like a song,
That dear little girl called Mairi.

MARY JANE MILES

Mary Jane is a marvel at sport,
Though it doesn't count on her report.
She's bright and she's gay,
Up to mischief they say,
But we're sorry she's changing her port.

HEATHER ROGERS

I once met a girl called Heather,
Who hated the hot summer weather,
She went for a swim,
And sat on a pin,
And there went the air out of Heather.

MARGARET BOEHM

In our class there's a girl called Miss Boehm
Who acts very smart and supreme;
She was stung by a bee,
And jumped into the sea,
No wonder her brain's "off the beam".

BARBARA CUNLIFFE

To England our Tom-boy is going,
On a boat which we hope needs no rowing,
If over it turns,
Our tears will plant ferns,
But we will go out and start towing.

JO-ANNE DAVIS

There was a young girl called Toe-Jo,
To school she does not like to go.
With her books in a muddle,
She falls in a puddle,
That muddy young girl called Joe.

LYNNE MAYBURY

Lynne, the form-captain of IV A,
Riding she goes every day.
She has a colt called Kitty,
Who acts kind of skitty,
That shy little form-captain Lynney.

ALISON MACKENZIE

There once was a red head called Allie,
Who with all the girls grew most pallie;
But her temper would rise,
As high as the skies,
If her hair you compare with O'Mally's.

SANDRA McKEE

I have heard of an angel called Sandra
Who owned a black and white panda.
She sprayed it with ink,
From a bottle of Quink,
That silly young angel named Sandra.

JENNIFER WOOLLCOMBE

There was a young imp named Jennifer,
Who tried to do tricks that would benefit her.
In work or in play,
She is quite brainy they say,
But we're glad that our class hasn't ten of her.

GUESS WHO?

People Associated with Elmwood

1. Symphony.
2. My sugar is so refined.
3. The serenade of the bells.
4. Dance with the dolly with the hole in her stocking.
5. Milk-man keep those bottles quiet!
6. A-feudin' an' a fussin'.
7. It isn't raining rain, it's raining violets.
8. Arm, arm ye brave!
9. In France we say "Oui, Oui". In Spain we say "Si, Si".
10. The last time I saw Paris.
11. That's what Uncle Remus said.
12. How deep is the ocean?
13. Swinging on a star.
14. Smoke gets in your eyes.
15. I've got six-pence.
16. Deep purple.
17. Fun and fancy free.
18. Shoo, shoo baby.
19. More and more.
20. How many hearts have you broken with those great big beautiful eyes.
21. Love letters.

H. BARCANT, VI M
Nightingale
 D. COLLENS, VI M
Nightingale
 J. NOTHAGEL, V A
Nightingale
 SOFIA SETTON, V B
Keller

Answers on page 44

* * * *

Epigram on Homework

Too much work;
 And teachers lurk
 With sword and sabre
 To make us labour.

ANN C. EDWARDS, VI M
Fry.

In Winter Wonderland

Pine trees' limbs are crowned with snow,
 While from them snowflakes gently blow.
 Spruces, in their bed of white
 Stand with majesty and might
 In Winter Wonderland.

Skaters glide on icy sheets,
 Skiers try their daring feats,
 Children slide on snowy hills,
 Experiencing countless thrills
 In Winter Wonderland.

Chickadees, so brave and bold,
 Never seem to mind the cold.
 Sparrows, in their coats of brown
 Search for food along the ground
 In Winter Wonderland.

Crispy cold and frequent frost
 Are never thought too great a cost
 For the beauty that entralls,
 And the ceaseless snow that falls
 In Winter Wonderland.

JILL HODGKIN, V B
Nightingale.

* * *

Cloud Dream Fantasy

Dreams, like great thoughts, may come and faintly go,
 And raise their haunting hopes far up above the stars;
 And thrust and glide, like phantom shapes at night
 Where circling planets in their glory flow;
 Yet still above the mighty cloud-swept bars
 The Thought evades them in dark shades of light—

Still capture's chains the slender dreams resist,
 'Til urgent summons at a shade is cast:
 Then through the clouds and downward through the suns

The dream comes swirling in a spiral mist,
 Drifting and gliding, 'til its hands are clasped.
 A man, inspired, to face his Maker runs;
 His mind, rejoicing, filled with surging might—
 Infused into his being, Heaven's glow.

SHIRLEY MANN, V A
Fry.

Princess Elizabeth

P stands for Perfection
 R stands for Royalty
 I stands for Importance
 N stands for Nobility
 C stands for Charm
 E stands for Earnestness
 S stands for Sanity
 S stands for Serenity

E stands for Exactness
 L stands for Loyalty
 I stands for Ingenuity
 Z stands for Zest
 A stands for Accuracy
 B stands for Beauty
 E stands for Exquisiteness
 T stands for Truthfulness
 H stands for Honesty

PAT KNOWLTON, V C
Keller

* * *

The Stag

Magnificent and dignified he stands,
 Flinging his antler-crowned head
 Into great spaces of pine-scented air.
 Lithely, upon a rocky ledge he leaps,
 And there upon his vantage-point he sees
 The forest with its darkly shadowed glades,
 The frigid thread of icy mountain stream;
 All meet to form the kingdom of the stag.

No foe has dared to trespass his domain,
 No murderer to kill his royal kin;
 All is serene beneath his kingly rule.
 But hark! A horn rings loud and clear!
 The bay of hounds responds with instant voice.
 The haughty stag has heard the challenge bold,
 "The hunt is on!"

Spent at last through many hours of chase,
 Once more upon his rocky ledge he springs.
 Once, sends his dying challenge back to them,
 Back to the men who sought to take his life;
 The monarch leaps with all his mighty power,
 He leaps to victory and to eternity.
 Freedom at last!

ANDRIA RICHARDSON, V A
Fry

The Wish

MANY, many years ago in a large and dreary city, on an old and ugly street, there lived a little crippled boy. Day after day he sat in his dingy little room looking out into the shabby street. Every day he saw the old houses and carriages; he knew all the dogs and cats, and could tell the time by the separate appearances of the neighbours. There was the old red brick house with the tumble-down steps, the yellow and gray one and the two brown ones. The little boy never saw the blue sky, the sun, moon and stars, because of the cluttered chimney pots which broke the skyline, and the haze of dirty smoke that lurked among the roof tops. In the autumn, it grew cold and windy, and the little boy became weak and pale and was allowed to sit at the window for only a little while during the day.

He had a wish which followed him through the long, dreary day and into the dark night. He wished, if only for a minute, to see something beautiful, and he prayed so hard for this, that he grew tired, and was no longer able to sit by his window.

One morning he awoke very early, and lay looking at the walls and ceiling which seemed to be lighter than usual. Suddenly with a surge of strength he limped to the chair by the window and sat down.

A few hours later they found the little boy, smiling and gazing with unseeing eyes out into the street, where white, sparkling snow covered the dirty ground, and where the old chimney pots were crystal-covered turrets and spires in the blue December sky. His wish had come true.

JANE HAMILTON, V A
Nightingale.

* * *

MISS ADAMS: Pam, please read $\frac{1}{X} + \frac{1}{Y} = \frac{1}{12}$
 PAM: One X-th Plus One Y-th equals one
 Twelfth
 MISS ADAMS: Yeth.

The Place I Dream About

I DREAM about a valley—Wolf Creek, at the foot of Mt. Wood and Mt. Steele in the Yukon—a valley of loveliness, I call it. Whenever I sit and dream, my thoughts wander there. In my valley no evil or hatred can enter.

I shall describe it to you. My valley runs east and west. On each side are low rolling hills, green and fertile. At each end, far away in the distance one can see high snow-capped peaks. Early in the morning I can see the sun begin to appear above these mountains. The snow first turns to pale yellow, then to a rosy gold, then to dazzling brightness, and finally fades to soft white again, as the sun climbs higher and higher. At night as the sun descends towards peaks at the other end of the valley, the snow slowly turns to gold and then to rose. The small white clouds, hovering over the top, turn to mauve with radiantly golden edging. The sun lowers and the snow turns to pink, then to pale yellow once more, and then slips quietly away, leaving the valley peaceful and sleepy. Soon, however, the stars come out glittering on the dark robe of the night. It is cool in my valley now and all my animals and birds are asleep. My valley is asleep, too, and I say goodnight to the place of my dreams.

VALERIE Wood, V B
Nightingale

* * *

Key To—Guess Who?

on page 42

1. Mrs. Buck	12. Miss Castas
2. Miss Chappell	13. Miss Philbrick
3. Miss Adams	14. Miss Wiltshire
4. Miss Hudson	15. Mr. Buck
5. Miss Beckwith	16. Mrs. Stephen
6. Miss Dixon	17. Mrs. Murphy
7. Mr. Masson	18. Mrs. Taylor
8. Mr. McTavish	19. Mrs. Chamberlin
9. Miss Richardson	20. Miss MacLean
10. Mademoiselle Juge	21. Mrs. Gates
11. Miss Aldous	

Never Diet

Get slim said ma; said I, "I'll try it".

So the doctor put me on a diet.

No sugar, potatoes or anything like that,

"Oh no"! said they: "You'll get too fat".

I cut out cake and cookies too,

Bananas, corn and even stew.

Only fifteen hundred calories a day—

They said I would get slim that way.

I felt so hungry after one meal,

That I ate whatever I could steal;

That sundae, soda and banana split,

Sure tasted good I must admit.

They wondered why I lost no weight,

Instead of gaining twenty-eight.

So horseback riding followed then—

I gained five, the horse lost ten.

My advice to all is never try it,

If you want to get slim, never diet!

PAT KNOWLTON, V C
Keller

* * *

Doom and Destiny

A load of books, a heart that fails,

Coffee steaming in rows of pails,

Pencils sharpened, notes piled high,

A courage that seems to shrivel and die,

A trembling hand, an aching head,

A guilty memory of lessons unsaid.

A pitiable thing, but what I am

As I study the night before an exam.

Half past ten, how time doth fly,

I can't learn a thing should I try and try.

"Health comes first", my mother said.

I figure it's better to go to bed;

"I'll be up at dawn", I promise myself,

"To study from every book on the shelf."

Eight A.M. How can I sleep?

Will nothing disturb my slumber deep?

Up with a leap at ten to nine

And off to school in a flash,

To write on my paper my name,

my form,

The date, the hour—an' a dash.

JUNE GRAHAM, VI M
Fry

March Promise

THE street lamps shine palely, and the sky above is impenetrable blackness. The cold March wind whistles forlornly around the corners, and dries the streets of their last remaining dampness of melted ice. Sunken scanty patches of dirty, icy snow lie along the edges of the road. The street-lamp's faint light glimmers on the ruffled waters of the village pond that is all but cleared of its layers of thinning ice.

I can hear the last few chunks of ice floating down the river at the back of our house. Their harsh grinding as they bump and swirl against each other seems to blend strangely with the sound of the chilling wind.

The footsteps of a sole passing pedestrian clack strangely clear and flat on the newly bare sidewalk. The swinging signs on the shops down Main Street creak and clang with their motion.

A dreary picture? Perhaps, but the noisy wind is strangely comforting as I settle back in my easy-chair before the warmth of the fire; and the banging of the signs sound distant and remote. Into my drowsy mind comes a picture of spring—its effect of exuberance and heady vitality just lurking behind those howling March winds.

SHIRLEY SMITH, V A
Keller

* * *

Forlornity

Saw dog,
Wagging tail
Thin and frail
Sitting on a log.
Said to friend,
"Why not end
The life of this poor dog?"
He said, "No go,
Poor show,
Wouldn't waste a bullet".
Besides, he belonged to the Humane
Society.

JUDY McCULLOCH, V A
Fry

Fruit of the Oak

New peace is bitter, filled with anguished tears
Of sorrow, strife, and bitter memories.
Compare an acorn, bursting with new growth,
Nestled among its parent foliage.
All summer long, its brownness swells with
pride,
Until at last, its destined time is come.
It slides to earth, in full anticipation
Of perfumed grass, and singing, full-blown
clouds;
And joy, in bringing forth, in future age,
An arrogant young stem, majestic tree.
And there it fails. No sheltering warm soil
To save it from the raging winter gales.
No comfort— just the wild winds, buffeting
Its life to stony death. Its tale is done;
And in the early spring, the leaves are dried
And blown away. Now lies the shell,
A withered, dried-up remnant of the past.
No more enclosed, a fluttering of life;
It is a mere, small, moldy thing,
Worthless and worn, and only cast aside.

SHIRLEY MANN, V A
Fry.

* * *

The Legend of the Lake

MANY years ago, say those who have heard the tale, when the white man first knew of Canada, there lived an Indian tribe called the Deer Feet. They lived on the shore of Lake Kamineskeg, many days away from the Inland Sea.

One night, so the white men say, when all was quiet in the woods, an Indian, dressed in the skin of the deer, and carrying many honours in his head-dress, came swiftly along the bank of the river toward the Lake. He was a messenger from Chief Moisca of a Huron tribe. Suddenly, without warning, a musket was fired; the Indian staggered, fell, and died on the banks of the Lake, killed by a white man who was thirsty for gold.

Late at night, even to this day, when a pale-face walks along the river's edge, he will see a glimmer, hear a moan. He will flee, afraid, for he knows the "Legend of the Lake".

LESLIE JACKSON, V C
Nightingale.

Exchanges

✓ The Ammonite—
St. Hilda's School, Calgary

Arta Ridleana—
Ridley College, St. Catharines

The Asburian—
Ashbury College, Ottawa

✓ The Beaver Log—
Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School,
Montreal

Bishop's College School Magazine—
Bishop's College School, Lennoxville

Bishop Strachan School Magazine—
Bishop Strachan School, Toronto

The Blue and White—
Rothesay Collegiate School,
Rothesay, N.B.

✓ The Branksome Slogan—
Branksome Hall, Toronto

✓ The Eagle—
Rupert's Land Girls' School,
Winnipeg, Man.

Edgehill Review—
Edgehill, Windsor, N.S.

Hatfield Hall Magazine—
Hatfield Hall, Coburg

✓ Inter Muros—
St. Clement's School, Toronto

✓ King's Hall Magazine—
King's Hall, Compton, Quebec

Lower Canada College Magazine—
Lower Canada College, Montreal

Ludemus—
Harvergal College, Toronto

Olla Podrida—
Halifax Ladies' College, Halifax, N.S.

Ovenden Chronicle—
Ovenden School, Barrie

Pibroch—
Strathallan School, Hamilton

✓ St. Andrew's College Review—
St. Andrew's College, Aurora

✓ The Study Chronicle—
The Study, Montreal

The Tallow Dip—
Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.

Trafalgar Echoes—
Trafalgar, Montreal

Trinity University Review—
University of Toronto, Toronto

11/11/1915

Ontario Ladies College



CANDID SHOTS



C A N D I D S H O T S

What We Did In India

ONE DAY mummie said to me, "Veena, we are going to Bombay to meet your uncle." I had met my uncle before, and he was a very nice man so I was glad to go. My aunt there too. She always was glad to meet us and was very sad when I and my brother, Mala, left. She gave us all sorts of nuts and things to eat on the way.

Then we went to a state called Patiala. Daddy was prime-minister over there. He said he would work for three years there. Daddy worked very hard. Then one day, Daddy said to the prince of the state, "I am going for a week's holiday to Pingor with my family." Pingor is a very nice place. There are pools that keep the mosquitoes away in the summer. They have beautiful gardens, with fruit, flowers and vegetables. And there are fountains that are very beautiful if you look at them from far away. Once mummy let us paddle our feet in the cool water. We made Bhapi, my sister, walk in the water so we could tell how deep it was.

In summer, we went to a place called Simla. I liked it very much. In Simla you are not allowed to drive cars around the city so people go in rickshaws. We lived in a house on the top of the hill, so we had to climb quite a lot before we reached the house. From Simla we went back to Bombay and flew in a small plane to Karachi.

VEENA MALIK, Form IV
Age 9

* * *

Spring

There is a hustle and a bustle,
Around the world today;
The grass is growing longer,
The flowers bright and gay.

The birds are singing loudly,
The brook is singing too.
I am very happy,
Aren't you?

JENEPHER HOOPER, Form III
Age 9.

Clouds

Fluffy white clouds floating through the sky,
I could watch you until I die,
Drifting through the heavens like big sheep,
The wind is your shepherdess, little Bo-peep.

And when the sun goes to bed,
You will make a pillow for his head;
Here below on the grass I lie,
I could watch you until I die.

JUDY KELLOCK, Form III
Age 8.

* * *

My Dog Frisby

Frisby is a naughty pup,
Bites my slippers,
Ever since I've brought him up.
Chews my shoe,
The naughtiest pup,
I ever knew.

TISH HEENEY, IV B
Age 10.

* * *

My Garden

Flowers are beautiful,
Flowers are gay,
Flowers are lovely all the day.
But when night comes they close up tight,
Before they do so, they say good-night.

MARGARET GILL, Form III
Age 9.

* * *

The Monkey That Had a Short Tail

ONCE upon a time there was a monkey that was very sad, because he had a very short tail, and everybody called him "Shorty-Short Tail" and he did not like it.

One day he decided that he would do something. He was going to the store to buy some sausages to tie to his tail. When the other monkeys saw him they just laughed, and he cried. So he had a short tail ever after.

LORNA PRICE, Form II
Age 8.

An Unusual Pet

ONCE upon a time there lived in a jungle a little Koala bear. He was very chubby and fat. One day while he was swinging on the bough of a tree near his home, he heard a low whistle, which he had never heard before. Just then he saw a flash of white, then another flash of white that stayed this time. The little Koala bear caught sight of a man with a gun. He got down from his tree and ventured near. He hid behind a bush and peeped around it. He saw the most extraordinary sight. He saw something that was red, with a bit of yellow in it. It was a fire. The Koala bear went so near that in one moment he felt a big hand around his waist. A shudder went through his spine.

Then he remembered what his mother always said, "Don't go too near anything you don't know about; it is dangerous". The big hand was still clutching him, then it put him down on a box. He heard a big voice say to someone else. "Look what I have found, a little Koala bear". Then another voice said, "Good work, Joe; now we can give it to the zoo. We will get a lot of money for him". Then the former said, "Let's go back straight away". So they packed their things and put the Koala bear into a cage and went off. They went by train part of the way, and the rest of the way by car. The Koala bear was frightened. At last they got to the zoo. At the zoo the Koala bear was named "Chubby". A little girl bought him and I hope they both lived happily ever after.

BIDDY HESELTINE, Form III

* * * Age 8.

Spring Morning

Early in the morning,
Robins start to sing,
Mistress Spring has come again
To gladden everything.

The children all are waking
To the glory of the spring,
And to the Lord, our Maker,
Their little songs they sing.

SHEILA McCORMICK, Lower IV B
Age 11.

Skating

Gliding, sliding over the ice
Don't you think it would be nice?
Oh, look, someone has fallen down,
I hope they haven't hurt their crown.

Over there is another girl,
She's about to do the twirl,
Round—there she goes,
Standing upright on her toes.

ROSEMARY FINDLAY, Form II

Age 9

* * *

Autumn

When autumn turns leaves to red and gold,
And fruits and grain are stored for winter use,
When logs are cut and summer birds have
flown,

We pause and thank the Lord for all His Love.

B. CUNLIFFE, Lower IV A

Age 12.

* * *

Flowers

Roses are red,
And roses are white.
Daisies are white,
With yellow inside.
Tulips are pink,
Tulips are blue,
And violets are pretty,
And so are you.

VEENA MALIK, Form III

Age 8.

* * *

Birds

Look at the birds,
Away up there.
Aren't they lovely,
Aren't they fair?

The birds, the birds,
Are building a nest,
Right in the coat,
The scarecrow's best.

MARGARET GILL, Form III

Age 9.



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BOARDERS' CALENDAR

September 17—Boarders returned to school.

September 18—School began.

September 20—All boarders went on a picnic to Britannia. That night fifteen of us went to see the Danish Gym Team at the Coliseum.

October 4—All boarders went on a boat trip up the canal to Dow's Lake. At night some of us went to an Ashbury House Dance.

October 8—Fourteen of us went to hear the Don Cossack Singers at the Capitol.

October 13—Holiday for Thanksgiving.

October 18—We went up the Gatineau for the afternoon.

October 19—“Youth Sunday”—A special service was held at St. Bartholomew's for Elmwood and Ashbury.

October 31-November 3—Long week-end.

November 6—Some of us went to see the Ice-Capades.

November 14—Christ Church Bazaar. The first square dance for senior day girls and boarders. Members of the Pony Club went to see the Pony Club Horse Show.

November 20—A Holiday for the wedding of Princess Elizabeth.

November 25—First Tremblay concert of season.

November 26—Tea in aid of the “Save the Children Fund” held at the home of Mrs. Arthur S. Hardy.

November 27—Some of us went to see the Gilbert and Sullivan Operetta “The Gondoliers”.

November 29—A large number of us went to see “The Tempest”, put on by The Queens’ Drama League.

December 13—We were taken to see the movies of the Royal Wedding.

December 14—The last Sunday before Christmas. We were invited to a Carol Service and tea at Mrs. Buck’s home.

December 15—The Bazaar.

December 18—School closed for the Christmas holidays.

January 7—Boarders returned.

January 8—School began.

January 10—All the boarders spent the day skiing at Kingsmere.

January 19—A group of us saw “John Bull’s Other Island” by The Dublin Gate Players at the Capitol.

January 20—Some of us went to hear the Argentine Pianist, Antonio de Raco.

January 23—The juniors went to the Ice Cycles.

January 24—We went skiing again at Kingsmere.

January 29—About ten of us went to a movie to celebrate the end of exams.

January 30—Some cadets went to a play at the National Gallery given by a group of St. John Cadets.

February 4—A few boarders went to a debate at The House of Commons in connection with the radio program “Citizen’s Forum”.

February 7—We all went skiing at Kingsmere. Some boarders went to an Ashbury House Dance.

February 10—Miss Goodacre talked to a group of older boarders in the library about Toc-H.

February 12—We went to hear Donald Dame sing.



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BOARDERS' CALENDAR—Continued

February 20-23—Long week-end.

February 25—Tremblay concert, De Paur Infantry Chorus—a group of Negro GI'S.

February 28—We all went to the Capitol to see "The Unfinished Dance".

March 2—Some of us heard Ruth Draper.

March 5—A square dance.

March 10—Cadet Drill at St. George's Hall.

March 11—A good many of us went to see Nia Slavenska and her ballet at the Capitol.

March 13—We all went skiing for the day at Wakefield.

March 17—Five girls went to the Tremblay concert Philharmonic Piano Quartet.

March 22—A large group of us went to see "Macbeth" at the Capitol with Michael Redgrave and Flora Robson.

March 23—School closed for Easter Holidays.

April 6—Boarders returned to school.

April 7—School opened.

April 9—We went to a hockey game between R.C.A.F. Flyers (Olympic Champions) and an all-star professional team.

April 16—All the boarders saw the Minto Follies with Barbara Ann Scott.

April 23—"Noah" by André Obey was presented by the senior dramatics class, under the direction of Julia Murphy.

April 27—Exhibition tennis games by world champions.

April 28—We heard Verdi's Requiem given by the Ottawa Choral Union.

May 1—A party from the school attended the Dominion Drama Festival at the Little Theatre.

May 7-8—Elmwood and Ashbury presented Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" at the Little Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Belcher.

June 9—Closing.

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SCHOOL CALENDAR 1947-48

September 18—School opened.

October 8—Padre Williams spoke to the school on Toc-H.

October 13—Thanksgiving Day. School holiday.

October 21—Hallowe'en Party.

October 31-November 1—Mid-term long week-end.

November 7—The Ven. C. G. Hepburn spoke to the school on Remembrance Day.

November 14—The senior boarders and day girls invited a few boys from Ashbury to a square dance which was greatly enjoyed by all. (Two squares).

November 20—School holiday on the occasion of the marriage of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth to H.R.H. Duke of Edinburgh.

November 21—Miss Hasell gave us a very interesting talk, illustrated with lantern slides, on the work of the Sunday School Caravans.

December 12—Mrs. Edward F. Fauquier kindly consented to judge the House Collections once again.

December 15—The annual Bazaar was held again, the proceeds of which went to the "Save the Children Fund".

December 18—The Christmas holidays began.

January 8—School re-opened.

January 22—Examinations started.

January 30—Free day.

February 6—Mr. Humphreys showed the school some very interesting lantern slides of the Maritimes.

February 10—Miss Goodacre spoke to a group of Seniors on Toc-H.

February 20-23—Mid-term long week-end.

March 5—Another Square Dance, this time with three squares.

March 23—Easter Holidays began.

April 7—School re-opened.

April 23—Senior dramatics art class presented "Noah".

May 7—Elmwood-Ashbury play.

May 7—Examination began.

May 7—Examination ended.

June 6—Sunday evening service for boarders and senior day girls.

June 7—Sports Day.

June 9—Closing.



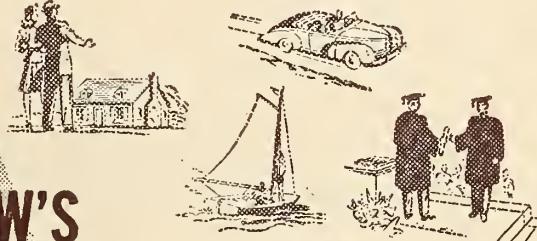
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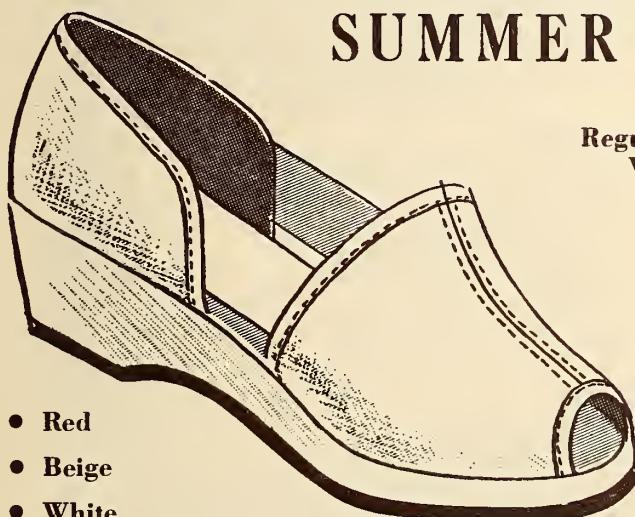
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